

J. Butts

THE LADY'S



MISCELLANY;

OR,

WEEKLY

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[NO. 14.

THE PRINCE OF BRITTANY,

A new Historical Novel.

The Constable, who was still obliged to be at the head of the army, could only continue to importune the King of France by reiterated dispatches. The enemies of the Prince wanted not resources to prejudice Charles against his nephew, notwithstanding the incessant representations of the virtuous Kosayvinen. By what strange fatality has falsehood thus almost ever an access to the great?

Dumeelel was now given to understand, that he must hasten the unravelling of this abominable plot. He is observed to hesitate, whether from the powerful influence of remorse, or from his apprehensions that the Duke might afterward repent, and punish him for a pliability so fatal. Promises, rewards, governments, a variety of dazzling advantages for himself and his accomplices, all are displayed, and all are too powerful at last. The Prince is now thrown into a dungeon still deeper, and full of water. The grated win-

dow here over looked the ditch that surrounded the fortress. It being now determined to starve their wretched victim, several days elapsed without supplying him with any kind of food.

The unfortunate Prince feels all the horror of his approaching fate. He utters the most lamentable cries: he implores the assistance of all the passengers whom he can perceive on the other side of the ditch: he extends his suppliant hands through the bars. ‘It is the Prince of Brittany,’ he cried, ‘it is the Prince of Brittany’ who beseeches you for God’s sake, to bestow a little bread and water.—No one durst stop even to hear him; so much were all apprehensive of suffering the smallest indication of pity to escape. How few are the exalted minds that can venture to undertake the defence of humanity, at the expense of personal interest! And how much easier is submission to the yoke of tyranny!

A poor woman, who was wont solicit charity near the Castle, was greatly affected by the deplorable situation of the Prince. The name of this respectable creature is unknown; while the world is

pestered with the names and surnames of so many illustrious villains, who, in reality, should be the reproach and execration of mankind. Are ingratitude and cruelty then natural to the human heart? Or, are the unfortunate alone endued with sensibility?—This woman, who had scarce a morsel of bread herself to support a miserable existence, had the resolution to descend by night into the ditch, and to convey to the prisoner through his window, or rather spiracle, that morsel of bread, and a small jug of water.—‘Lord,’ said she, weeping. I give you all I have: I would die to serve you. Speak—what can I do for you? Alas! the great folks are then sometimes as much to be pitied as we are! Oh, my Lord, cannot I be yet more useful to you?—The Prince is so effected by this generous action, that the tears, for some moments, interrupt his voice: at last, broken by sobs, it finds a vent: ‘Is it you, excellent creature, that thus come succour me, while every one else—my brother—He cannot proceed: he is choaked by tears. ‘My Lord,’ resumed the good woman, ‘I am certain the Duke cannot know your situation: I am deeply affected with it. Believe me, I will go and beg my bread with greater earnestness than ever. I will bring every day whatever I can get.—Oh, my Lord, it shall all be yours—a very little will suffice me.’—The Prince now experienced some mitigation of misery. How consol-

atory is pity! He incessantly repeated: ‘This then is the only bosom I have been able to soften!’

This woman, the heroine of sentiment, waited for the hour of darkness, to bring her nocturnal tribute of bread and water to the Prince. He could not see her again without apprehensions for her safety: ‘If you should be discovered,’ said he, ‘your life is in danger.’—‘Ah, my Lord, she answered, ‘what is the risk of my life, compared to the satisfaction of prolonging yours?’—The Prince asks her several questions: he would fain learn from her what was the situation of his wife: she cannot give him the least information on this interesting head.—‘You endeavour to prolong my life,’ said he to his benefactress: ‘it is necessary to think also of the concerns of my soul. The barbarians have even denied me this succour, I conjure you to procure some charitable Friar to confess me; for I perceive my dissolution approaching, notwithstanding all your compassionate endeavours.’

The good old woman ran to throw herself at the feet of a Cordelier, who was her Confessor.—She related to him what she had done for the Prince of Littany: she described the situation in which she had found him: and she soon prevailed upon the good Friar to repair to the prisoner. This man, worthy to fulfil the sacred functions of his ministry, and who

was actuated by its benevolent spirit, exposes himself to the danger of being apprehended, and follows the woman, who conducting him in the dark, brings him to the grated window. She calls the Prince, who can find no words sufficiently expressive of his grateful feelings : ‘ My Lord,’ said the Cordelier, ‘ I only fulfil my duty ; and who ought to fly to the succour of misery, if not the ministers of Religion ? Religion is the mother of the unfortunate : her bosom is open to their complaints ; and she teaches us to sacrifice all, even life itself, to her. The dictates of religion are more powerful than the common impressions of humanity. Command then my zeal and best services. Gracious God ! what savages ! Are they men, are they Christians that treat you thus ?’—The prisoner, with an effecting air, extends an arm wasted away, to the Friar : ‘ Alas, it is my brother !—I perceive, added he, ‘ by these sentiments, the character of that true religion that inspires you. Yes Religion only could have rendered you so compassionate, so charitable ! I am forsaken by all the world. There are none to whom I can express my sufferings but God ; and from him alone can I hope for compassion. Believe me, generous souls, addressing himself to the Friar and to the woman, ‘ should Heaven ever restore me to the world, my whole existence shall be employed, to convince you both how deeply I am penetrated by

your heroic goodness. Ah ! I have found then two friends before I die.’—‘ Oh, my Lord,’ answered the woman, ‘ we are the persons obliged. Till now I never thought there were any pleasures on earth for us poor folks. You have convinced me, that in the greatest distress one may yet enjoy happiness : I am the happiest creature in the world : I have been able to preserve your life.’

The prisoner now thought that he could entrust this worthy creature with a commission that required some address. It was to endeavour to gain admittance to the Princess, and to engage her to come there to see her dying husband. ‘ If her hand,’ said the Prince, ‘ could close my eyes—if she could receive my last sigh—go, my worthy benefactress, exert every effort. May I once more enjoy the sight of my wife.’

The good woman leaves the Prince with the Cordelier, and hastens to find some means of gaining admittance to Alicia. The Friar is now engaged in administering, according to the custom of the Romish Church, the consolations of Religion. His penitent gives an ingenuous recapitulation of his faults, and deplores them with the most sincere contrition. He then adverts to the horror of his situation : ‘ My father; I am certainly guilty in the sight of God ; you behold the contrition of my soul ; but you assure me

that my tears, my repentance, will obtain that pardon from heaven, which men have the cruelty to refuse me. Alas ! who has thus plunged me into such a gulf of misery ? My brother—a brother I loved !—At these words, he bursts into tears. ‘ My father,’ he resumes, ‘ God commands it by your mouth : it is my duty then to pardon him.’—The priest represents to him all that religion prescribes to us on this head.—‘ I forgive him,’ continues the prisoner, ‘ I forgive him : but since he obstinately refuses to hear the proofs of my innocence ; since he rejects my cries, my tears, my last sigh ; I appeal to the tribunal of the Supreme Judge, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. I cite him to appear before the throne of God in forty days.* Go, and tell him in my name to what an avenger I have appealed. Tell him that you have seen his brother plunged in stagnant water, bathed with his tears, wasted by famine, on the point of exhaling his wretched life, and—forgiving him, and even loving him still. Yes, my father, he is still dear to me. This augments my sufferings. I know that my enemies have taken advantage of his weakness. They have forced him, I am convinced, to detest, to persecute his brother.

Tell him also that I implore at least some compassion for my wife. They will not, surely, extend to her this unmerited persecution. If Heaven, my father, shou'd permit your voice to touch him ; if I should be allowed to prostrate myself at his feet, to—but I shall soon be no more. Oh, my father, forget not in your prayers the most wretched of men.—I leave to God the care of rewarding you. Take this ring ; it is of small value ; the only thing of which my executioners have not deprived me. Deign to preserve it in memory of an unfortunate man, who is deeply sensible of the invaluable service you have rendered him.’

The good father had not the power to answer : he wept bitterly with the prisoner, who took his hand through the bars, and bedewed it with his tears : ‘ Adieu, my dear benefactor, adieu once more. See the Duke, and forget not to say to what a tribunal I have cited him. But I have done with men : I now bid adieu to the world : I throw myself into the arms of God : he only can know the truth : he alone is the avenger of innocence.’

The gaoler and his attendants, who had hoped that hunger would rid them of their prisoner, are astonished to find him still alive. He had concealed, in a corner of his dungeon, some pieces of bread, and a jug of water. Alas, wha-

* This is the superstitious language of the dark ages. The pure Religion of Christ knows no reserve in the forgivness of injuries.

sustenance for the brother of a Sovereign !

Oliver du-Mell cannot divine by what kind of prodigy his hopes are thus defeated. The wretches, who breathed nothing but the death of their victim, & who dreaded that a return of fraternal tenderness, in the heart of Francis, might deprive them of the fruit of their vengeance ; gave du-Mell to understand, that he must hasten the end of his prisoner. It was resolved, therefore, to poison him.—They affected to compassionate his situation ; and some soup was brought, which, so far from reviving him, was to put a period to his existence. But the strength of his constitution overcame the effects which du-Meel expected from the poison ; and the Prince still struggled against death, which, as it were, invested him on every side.

(To be Continued.)

Friends to LIBERTY describ'd.

The publick has been lately stun-ded with the favourite name of LIBERTY, it is no doubt a glorious name, and what every wise and honest man has a right to ; I am therefore much offended when any particular set or party of men endeavour to confine it to their own fraternity. I have been considering whether some marks or tokens might not be assign'd, whereby to know, whether a man who calls himself a friend to liberty, be real-

ly such, or whether he deceives himself and others, with a big sounding name. That person who is a friend to *order* and *regularity*, and always ready to allow others as much liberty in *their* way as he claims in *his*, is really a friend to *liberty*, and not otherwise.

For,

1. *Order* and *regularity* are the very life and essence of all *true liberty*. It is so even in the *Divine Being*, which always acts by unerring rules of *justice*, *wisdom*, and *goodness*. Among men, *liberty* is the principal end which *law* and *government* aims at. Even *Deists* & *Atheists* (who sacrifice all their prospects of this world, and the next, to their wild *impatience of restraint*) are commonly sensible that *law* is the life of *liberty*, and are content to be *servants* to the *law*, in order to be free. *Law* is the foundation of *order*, and *order* of *liberty*. Were there no *rule* or *order* to adjust the behaviour of *superiors* towards *inferiors*, and vice versa, none would have liberty to serve, or be served.

2. A friend to *liberty* observes the *golden rule*, to do to others, as himself in like circumstances, would be done by. In this consists *general* and *equal* *liberty*. To act against it, is to set up private and selfish *liberty*, in opposition to the common liberties of mankind, and is in effect so far to destroy *liberty*. The rule is for every man to retrench so much from

private liberty, as is necessary to public good: and to submit to every such degree of restraint as leaves liberty to be enjoy'd in common by the whole society.

To exemplify these general rules by instances. Let the question be put, whether those who are clamorous for an unlimited toleration, are really friends to liberty, or not? Now, toleration is two-fold, ecclesiastical and civil. Ecclesiastical means the receiving any one to church communion; civil, is the allowing a man to all the privileges belonging to an establishment.

How far the claiming an unlimited ecclesiastical toleration, is consistent with common liberty, appears from scripture, which represents the church as a society, form'd under governors, and subject to laws and rules, one of which is, to shun those who are notoriously corrupt in their morals, or unsound in their faith. Now, if any such claim a right to communion, what is it but endeavouring to commit violence on the consciences of the wisest and best men, & restraining that liberty the New Testament has left them, and which they are bound to stand fast in. There cannot be a surer mark of an imposing spirit, or persecuting temper, than to advance such unchristian claims. And yet that such claims are made with respect, at least to admitting of heresies, cannot be denied, since the

true notions of heresy have been corrupted for that very purpose, and such accounts offer'd, as render it impracticable to distinguish a heretic from a true believer.

If ecclesiastical communion be taken as respecting ministerial or clerical conformity, for any one to demand to be accepted into the ministerial office, without enquiry first made into his faith or morals, is standing in defiance of christian rule and order, and encroaching upon that just liberty with which Christ has invested his officers.

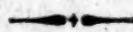
As to civil toleration, it is the undoubted right of every society to maintain the true religion, and to erect it to an establishment, annexing temporal conveniences or encouragements, emoluments, or advantages thereto, and appointing tests of merit or capacity. Now, he that claims these inconveniences, &c. contrary to the conditions, or separate from them, sets himself against rule and order, and therefore against common liberty, and denies that liberty to the community, which he assumes to himself, that of private judgement.

If he claims a right to the pastoral office, and its benefits, either refusing to subscribe at all, or to subscribe in the sense of the imposers, or to give reasonable satisfaction as to his faith when suspected, takes more liberty than he is willing to allow, as not allowing

he society to use their own best judgments, for their own preservation, and for keeping up truth, union, and peace amongst them. If he claims it as his right, to hold stipends and benefices annex'd to the teachers of certain doctrines, while he teaches the contrary, he thereby encroaches upon the liberty of the whole body, and particularly of its officers, whose duty it is to exclude or remove every perverse teacher, and to see that those who receive the profits, comply with the conditions on which they were granted. He offends against natural justice, modesty, and equity, and the common liberties of mankind, therefore, is no friend to liberty.

But father, if we consider a society of Christians and Protestants, link'd together by mutual defence, against Jews, Mahomets, heretics, or particularly papists, the more firmly to secure themselves against imposition, or spiritual slavery and tyranny, the breaking the standing rules of those societies, is to dilute their strength, and dissolve their union, and to make protestants become an easy prey to their common enemies, and so is sapping their liberties.

To conclude, they are true friends to liberty, who are firm friends to reason, truth, and true religion, and to our constitution in church and state.



A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness shoud begin on your's.

From a London Paper,

LIBEL—PAINE'S AGE OF REASON.

COURT OF KINGS BENCH—MARCH 6.

Before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury

The KING v. D. I. EATON.

This was an information filed *ex officio* by the Attorney-General against the defendant, a book seller, in Ave Maria-Lane, for a libel, in re-publishing the third part of "*Paine's Age of Reason*" to which information he had Pleaded not Guilty.

Mr. Abbot opened the pleadings on the part of the prosecution.

The Attorney-General, then said, he had thought it his duty to file the present information against the defendant, for the publication of a libel full of the greatest impieties and blasphemies—a libel of such a nature as he had hoped the British Press would never have been disgraced by sending forth into the world—it was a libel against the Christian Religion and the holy founder of it. In this publication the author denies the proof of that Religion on which all our hopes of happiness in this world, and all the consolation in that which was to come were founded. He had stated in this work, that the Holy Scriptures, from the beginning to the end, were a mere fiction.

He denied the miracles, the birth and resurrection of our Saviour, and controverted his existence as the Son of God. Speaking of in-

fidelity, he explained it by saying, that 'he who believed in Jesus Christ was an infidel to God. The effect of such doctrines upon society at large—upon every individual who composed a part of that society, were of the most destructive tendency, and if such a work was to be generally disseminated, and gain an influence over the minds of those who read it, it would affect a moral revolution of the most horrid description.' He was addressing many individuals who were advanced into life, and he would ask them where they were to look for consolation at the close of their mortal existence, but from the hopes held out by religion, that if they had acted with integrity they would receive their reward; and, if they had committed any offence, to whom were they to look for forgiveness but to Him whom this impious author denied to have ever existed. To those who had families he should particularly address himself, and he would ask them what was the first object—what was the first duty to inculcate into their children's minds? Certainly a veneration for the religion of their country, a religion which all virtuous and enlightened men believe in. To what were they to look for a faithful discharge of the duties of their domestics, except from those principles which our Holy Religion imparted? What right had he to expect from that Jury an honest verdict on the evidence which would be laid before them, if they disbelieved the holy

Evangelist on which they had been sworn? To what were they referred when they were sworn to give a true verdict, 'So help me God!' Were they not sworn on this holy work, which the author of this publication held up as a fable and as an imposture? What right had he to expect that the witnesses would speak the truth, except from the operation upon their minds of the sanctity of that oath they had taken! He would carry this point farther, and ask what hold had they upon the mind of his lordship that he would deal fairly in the administration of the law between the defendant and the public? What security had the defendant himself that justice would be done to him on his trial, except the oath of his Lordship, that he would administer justice impartially? If he should be asked, was there a greater tie upon his Lordship than the oath of office, he should say there was, he could rely upon his Lordship's justice and impartiality without that oath. But why? Because from that Holy religion, his Lordship had imbibed such sentiments of truth and justice as would prevent him from acting with partiality. They were now proceeding against the defendant by a mode of prosecution which called upon him to answer criminally in a civil court of justice for an offence which he had committed—an offence as serious to the well being of society, as any that could well be imagined; for if men were permitted to trea-

with disrespect the established religion of the country, all ties on their conduct would be wholly lost, and they (the jury) had too much sense and experience in the ways of the world, not to be aware that if they dismissed from the minds of men all fear, except that fear which the punishment for crimes committed would produce, bad men would be let loose on society, and the evils arising therefrom would be more numerous than he could possibly name. The hope of future reward, and the dread of future punishment, operated on the minds of almost all men, and he believed very few indeed if any, in this country, acted on a different principle. Ought not, therefore the man who endeavoured to destroy that great bond which united society together be amenable to punishment? The learned Attorney General proceeded to state that the law was upon this subject, and how such offences had been treated by the greatest and best judges of former times. He then stated a variety of cases, in which it had been decided that this was an offence cognizable in a court of Justice. It might be said by the defendant that he was not the author of the publication: —he should, however, prove, from his own words, that he had gone to the trouble and expence of importing it, he had found the poison growing in another country, and had transplanted it, and had endeavoured to disseminate it in this.

Mr. Raven proved the purchase

of the book at the defendant's shop on the eighteenth October last; while he was there the defendant came in, witness asked him how he knew it was written by Tom Paine? to which defendant replied, he had been at the expence of sending to America for it, and procured a copy from —————

Mr. Lowten then read the passages charged in the information:—

"They tell us that Jesus rose from the dead, and ascended into Heaven. It is very easy to say so—a great lie is as easily told as a little one: but if he had done so, those would have been the only circumstances respecting him that would have differed from the common lot of man: and, consequently, the only case that would apply exclusively to him as prophecy would be some passages in the Old Testament that foretold such things of him. But there is not a passage in the Old Testament that spoke of a person who, after being crucified, dead and buried, should rise from the dead & ascend into heaven. Our prophecy mongers supply the silence the Old Testament guards upon such things by telling us of passages they call prophecies, and that falsely so about Joseph's dreams, old clothes, broken bones, and such like trifling stuff."

"As to the New Testament, if it be brought and tried by that standard, which as Middleton wisely says, God has revealed to our senses of his Almighty power and wisdom, in the creation and government of the visible universe, it will

be found equally as false, paltry, & absurd, as the Old.

"Now had the news of salvation by Jesus Christ been inscribed on the face of the sun and moon, in characters that all nations would have understood, the whole earth had known it in 24 hours, and all nations would have believed it; whereas, though it is now almost 2 thousand years since as they tell us, Christ came upon earth, not a twentieth part of the people of the earth know any thing of it; and among those who do, the wiser part do not believe it.

"I have now reader gone thro' all the passages called prophecies of Jesus Christ, and shewn there is no such thing."

"THOMAS PAINÉ."

The case being closed on the part of the prosecution,

Lord Ellenborough called upon the defendant to proceed with his defence.

The defendant then addressing his Lordship and the jury, reading from a paper, stated, that Providence had not gifted him with the powers of oratory, nor was he designed for the pulpit or the bar, but he had, nevertheless, got a good education. He had been six years at a boarding school, from thence he went to the college of the Jesuits, at St. Omar's, where that great man Mr. Burke, received his education at the same time. At that period the Jesuits had been expelled, but were succeeded by a sect, if possible more bigoted and intolerant, and his father

became so apprehensive of his turning Roman Catholic, that he prevailed upon a worthy clergyman of the Church of England to write to him on the subject; and this worthy man desired him not to mind any thing these people should say to him, but to study the Bible and to make it the guide of his conduct. He did so, but upon reading it with attention, he found it so full of contradictions and gross absurdities, that he began to.

Lord Ellenborough interrupted the defendant observing, that he had already read sufficient to show the tendency of the paper he was then reading—it was only an aggravation of his offence, and his Lordship would not suffer the Christian religion to be reviled in a court of Justice.

The defendant proceeded to read his defence. He quoted several passages from the book of Esdras, and the writings of the Evangelists, tracing the progress of the Jews from their earliest ages to the Babylonish captivity; from which he had proceeded to argue that the God of the Jews was Mars or the God of war, a cruel and indiscriminate deity, who could not, therefore, according to the prophets, be the Father of Jesus Christ, nor the same God worshipped by the Christians, when—

Lord Ellenborough again interrupted him, & told him he must not proceed in that manner. He could not sit there and hear the Christian religion reviled in such a manner.

The defendant said, he conceived that every part of this paper formed a part of his defence.

His Lordship then told him he should give him time to look it over, and desired he would omit those passages which were offensive.

After a short pause, Lord Ellenborough observed, that, upon consideration, he thought the ends of public justice would be best answered, by permitting him to read every line of it; but if he did, he must abide the consequences.

The defendant then proceeded to read the remainder of his defence which contained nothing but the most abominable blasphemies against the christian religion; he denied the Divinity or even the existence of Jesus Christ, and the infallibility of the Apostles or Evangelic writers. In conclusion he defended the doctrines of Paine, alleging, that his books were as fair in point of language and argument, as any books could be; and so far from being written against religion, he did not interdict any sect, but only sought the truth, that these writings were only reviled by the priests, who were afraid of loosing their good livings: and, if they must preach, he advised them to preach something that could be understood, and confine themselves to preaching upon moral good, and the social duties, to abstain from theological controversies, which only tended to encourage methodism. He was far from wishing to offend against the

laws of his country; this book had been in circulation all over the Continent for several years, where the people were more bigotted, and attached to their religion than in this country, which boasted so much of its liberty. The book had also been in circulation in America for six or seven years before he sent for it; but if there was any thing bad in it, or if any lawyer or other gentleman could convince him that it was improper, he should not have published it. He contended for the right of discussing religious topics, as tending to narrow the spirit of bigotry and intolerance while, on the other hand, any restraint put upon it only tended to encourage both. He next adverted to the persecution against himself—the book had been only two days published, when a prosecution was commenced against him. He had already suffered under various prosecutions; he had been fifteen months in confinement at one time; his property had been destroyed by fire, and he had suffered considerable losses in other respects. He could not see that any punishment was applicable to his case—all such punishment was against the interests of society and against religion itself. Having thus concluded, he attempted to present the jury with twelve copies of the publication. But, upon the suggestions of one of the council for the prosecution, Lord Ellenborough ordered his officer to take them into his custody.

The Attorney-General declined making any reply.

Lord Ellenborough then addressed the Jury, who without hesitation found the defendant *Guilty*, and he was committed to Newgate.

CATECHISM ON RUM.

Question. What is the chief end of rum.

Ans. The chief end of rum, is to make toddy, flip, and punch.

Ques. What are the comforts which tiplers receive.

Ans. The comforts which tiplers receive from toddy, flip and punch, are, ease of conscience, joy in the comforter, increase of love thereto, and perseverance therein to the end.

Ques. Where inconsisteth that ease of conscience.

Ans. That ease of conscience which tiplers receive from toddy, flip, and punch, consisteth, in a forgetfulness of the past, a beastly enjoyment of the present, and an indifference towards the future.

Ques. In what state will the love of rum bring mankind.

Ans. The love of rum, and an inordinate use of it, will bring mankind into a forlorn and wretched state.

Ques. What are the evils which flow from the use of rum.

Ans. The evils which in this life do either accompany or flow from an habitually immoderate indulgence in the use of rum are,

sickness, shame, poverty, and distress,

Ques. What shall the end be.

Ans. When the hard drinker shall have wasted his estate, ruined his constitution, and alienated the affections of his friends. When you shall see his affairs falling into ruin and decay, his children hunger and naked—his wife comfortless and in tears : when you shall see all these things then know that the end is nigh, even at the door, loss of appetite, a bloated visage, trembling hand and feeble knees, are but faint indications of the sufferings he feels within, beastly, sottish, debased in reason, and vile in manners, he sinks from the character of a man to the grade of a brute, all who once knew him now pass by ; his friends neglect him, disease torment him, execrations vex him, creditors tease him, sheriffs seize him, till nature oppressed and overcome by continual injuries at length resign her worthless char, e and he sinks un lamented to the grave. Surely it is an evil way and the end thereof is sorrow.

From the Frankford Register.

FROM UNCLE JOB'S OLD CHEST.

MR. EDITOR,

On the 14th of January, 1812, my uncle Job bade adieu to the troublies of this world, and entered on that from which 'no traveller returns.' My uncle Job, was not like Tristram Shandy's uncle Toby—no, he had not half his good nature. I am fully convinced of the truth of what I say—for after inspecting the papers left in his old chest:

which, among other things, was bequeathed to me, I am persuaded the old man had not half the good nature of Toby Shandy. I find, in the *old chest*, several bundles of papers folded up in the neatest manner—some are superscribed—*Miseries of human life*, others are—but, Sir, I feel myself under no obligations to inform you upon what uncle Job choose to write. But this I will say—he was a man of *many cogitations* for I have been reading constantly, for three weeks, the papers left in his *old chest*, but have not laid my hands on more than one third of them. From the nature of the subjects and the quantity of matter, I conclude that uncle Job must have begun to note down his *cogitations* very early in life. He, no doubt, meant to have burnt the greater part of the papers before the *old chest* should come into my hands: but death, in taking him off suddenly, has put into my hands the whole of his written *cogitations*. Should I not be taken off so suddenly and unexpected as he was, I may inform you of the contents of the *old chest*. The first which I read was on the *miseries of human life*. I will extract a few of them.

Miseries of human life.

Thinking ourselves possessed of a superbundant share of merit, but the optics of the world, not keen enough to discover it.

Having the fruit above and water below, but like Tantalus, not permitted to partake of it.

To hear one who is as ugly as sin, and superficial as Simon Shallow, sneeringly observe, that others are destitute of beauty and good information.

To hear a person, puffed up with his own conscience, making sneering and contemptuous observations concerning others, and then christen such conduct with the name of *cander*.

To be obliged to be silent and bear

the *whim whams* and *likes* and *dislikes* of a female child in her teens.

Being in a hurry, but obliged, thro' politeness, to hear a man's story out—when he's so particular in telling you—

—' of the mold warp and the ant,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A couching lion, and a ramping rat,
Or any other skimble skamble stuff.'

Being in debt, and not having Capt. Cash attached to you.

Being without money, and then saluted thus—Good morning, Sir—can you pay me that money which you owe me?

My misery.

Having an incurable itch for publishing something, but obliged, through lack of talents, to offer the papers left in uncle Job's old chest.

TIM MOODY.

Important to Agriculturalists.

A gardner at G'asgow practises a mode of destroying caterpillars, which he discovered by accident. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant bush; and when taken out was found covered by the leaf-devouring insects. He immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every part of his garden and found the next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousand every morning.

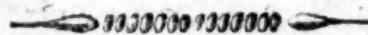
Ayamonte, May 25.

The misery and famine at Seville are horrible in the extreme. Wheat is at \$2 dollars the *senega* (20s. per bushel.) In various streets carts are placed to carry off those who are constantly falling down through debility. It is also said there is a contagious disorder, which finishes the patient in four days.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, July 25, 1812.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times."*



MOST DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

Newcastle upon Tyne, May 26.

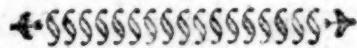
Yesterday, one of the most terrible accidents on record, in the history of collieries, took place at Felling, near Gateshead, Durham, in the mine belonging to — Brandling, Esq. the member for this place, which was the admiration of the district for the excellence of its ventilation and arrangements. Nearly the whole of the men were below the second set having gone down before the first came up, when a double blast of hydrogen gas took place, and set the mine on fire, forcing up such a column of smoke as darkened the air to a considerable distance, and scattered the immense quantity of small coal from the upper shaft. In the calamity ninety men and boys perished, the remains of 86 of whom are still in the mine which continues unapproachable. — Meetings are to be called at Newcastle and the neighbourhood, to raise subscriptions for the widows and orphans of the sufferers.



The Madras Journals mention that one of the largest Tigers ever seen in that part of the world was killed at Sankerry Droog, by Capt Moore and Lieuts Birch and Nelthorpe. In the course of a few months it had destroyed a hundred head of cattle, &c. besides 4 children — Sixteen balls were lodged in its body before it fell; it measured from head to tail 15 feet, and was 43 inches in height.

Savannah, July 11.

A melancholy circumstance occurred last Thursday afternoon in this place, from the effects of lightning. About 3 o'clock, during a violent thunder storm, Messrs. Roma & Midy were sitting in a room after dinner, when a sudden stroke of lightning drove in the north-east corner of the house, injured the chimney materially, and laid the two gentlemen just mentioned senseless on the floor. — Mr. Roma recovered his senses in a short time; but Mr. Midy, unfortunately did not survive the shock.



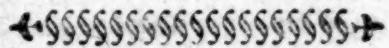
Married.

At Washington, on the evening of Sunday the 19th inst. by the rev. Mr. Batch, the Honorable Geo. Washington Campbell, Senator of the U. States, from the State of Tennessee, to Miss Hannah Stoddert, daughter of Benj Stoddert, Esq. of Blendensburg.

On Tuesday evening last by the rev. Doct Harris, Mr. Thomas Lawrence, to Miss Margaret Ireland, daughter of John Ireland esq. of this city.

At Greenbush, on the 9th inst. by the rev. J. Webb, Capt John Walworth, of the 6th regiment U. S. infantry, to Mrs. Sarah S. Smith, daughter of col. J. Simmons of the U. S. army.

At Princeton, June 28, Mr. Moses Rice of this town, to Miss Mahaley Coupland of the former place.



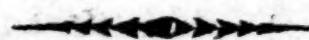
Died.

On Tuesday last at 11 o'clock of apoplexy, J. Castillion aged 45 years.

On Tuesday morning last, Mr. William Hertell.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*



LINES.

Written during the severe thunder storm
on the evening of the 2d of June.

How awful rolls the thunder round the sky;
In every corner see the lightning fly;
The clouds in Nature's richest livery drest,
Call for amazement in the human breast.
Art thou an Atheist? do but view this scene—
Who rules the tempest and directs its mein?
Is it mere Chance? say, dost thou think it so?
In this dread moment thou wilt answer No!
Trembling and humbled to the earth behold
The whole horizon ting'd with yellow gold;
While thy great Master, the whole storm directs,
And his poor creatures from its power protects.

LOVER OF NATURE.



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A POEM.

Descend, O tragic muse, from heaven descend;
Thy inspiration to my verse extend;

I sing of states and kingdoms overthrown;
Of wars that crush'd the altar and the throne;
A guiltless sovereign to the scaffold led,
soon followed by the partner of his bed;
Of Europe's better half to ruin turn'd,
Of countries ravag'd and of cities burn'd:
Be this my theme. O! fill my verse with fire
Who didst of old great Homers pen inspire.
Long had fair Gallia rul'd her fruitful plains,
And fed with nature's gifts her sprightly swains;
Her blushing vineyards teem'd with purple juice
Her soil produc'd all things for human use;
Long were her sons renown'd for wit and taste
A treble race of kings her annals grac'd:
Britains old rival in the tented field
To Britains naval force alone would yield,
Her puissant armies oft in Belgic plains
Won all those laurels martial merit gains
To dangers harden'd, and enur'd to toils,
With conquest honor'd, and enrich'd with spoils.
'Midst all those blessings and extent of pow'r
Domestic harpies did the land devour;
The crown's despotic sway the noble's pride,
Those ran'crous broils that church from state divide:
Aristocratic rights, perplexed laws,
And all the feuds those various evils cause;
Soon these the monstrous fabric overthrew,
And on each other mutual ruin drew.
Gallia's late monarch, last of capets race

Found all those threatening evils fast increase :
A king too weak to fill a despot's throne;
A man too good to let the people groan;
By formal edict in ill fated hour,
Lessning his own increas'd the senate's power,
Who might the people as their clients own,
And screen them from the encroachments of the crown ;
Next as a foe to persecuting zeal,
To increase the commerce of the public weal.
He soon call'd in, as hast'ning to his fate
Those wrangling sects that always rend a state
To do his subjects good he spar'd no pains
Right in the intent, mistaken in the means.
Now when he thought all parties satisfied
And that no danger could his steps betide ;
Of all affairs of state he careless grew,
Nor other joys than those of Bacchus knew.
The Queen and ministers usurp'd his power
To serve the interest of the present hour,
New imposts lay; Old taxes aggravate,
And multiply the factions of the state ;
When deputies were from the people sent ;
Those grievances at court to represent ;
Forth came a royal edict to suppress,
Those legal measures to obtain redress :
In which it was decreed such plaints to bring,
Was plain high treason 'gainst the crown and king :
This silenc'd all complaint, and taught the state,
What was to be expected from the great As some smooth rivulet of feeble force
Glides calm and placid in its wonted course ;

Its current stopp'd, it overflows its mounds
And rolls destruction on the fruitless grounds
Sosmother'd discontent and silent grief :
That wish'd in vain, but dare not ask relief :
Debar'd complaint, and with continually spar'd
To open violence and fury turn'd.
Assemblies held th'o' all the towns declare,
If not redress'd they must for war prepare.
At Paris first the people frantic rose :
Enrag'd agains the authors of their woes :
Against the dread Bastile with fury burn,
Its gates demolish, and its pile o'er turn :

(To be continued.)

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AND

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